

Mar 19



MARCH

THE CRESCENT

PACIFIC
COLLEGE

VOL. XVIII

NO 5

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THE CRESCENT.

VOL. XVIII.

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Psychology of the Battle-field.

By Rev. Jas. P. Price.

Early in September, 1862, we went into camp and in the evening all was activity. The sky was dark with clouds, and the lightning in the southern horizon, the low, muttering thunder, blending with the neighing of horses, the rattling of sabres trailing on the ground, the good-by of officers, the hoarse cry of the artillerymen and teamsters, the music of the national bands and the camp fires reddening the oaks and beeches, all gave a strange but attractive wildness to the landscape before my eyes.

With all this monotony and with all its painful suggestions, there was a kind of charm about camp life, in its freedom from ordinary restraints, its out-door existence, its reckless tone, and utter disregard of the world and what they call society.

I have been often asked how one feels when under fire, especially before custom has made him indifferent. Most of us at Perryville must have had that experience, for the field was such that few could go to any part of it without coming within range of shells, bullets or canon balls. I am not aware that I have any unusual courage, moral or physical, but the sensation under fire, judging from my experience, is different from what might be anticipated.

A reasoning man with love of adventure, at first feels alarmed and his first impulse is to run, and if he has no motive to stand, he probably does run. But at

each additional exposure he grows less timid, and after hearing canister and grape about his ears a dozen times, he begins to think he is not destined to be hurt. He still feels rather uneasy, but the danger acquires a sort of fascination; though he does not wish to be hit, he likes to have narrow escapes and so voluntarily places himself in a position where he can incur greater risk. After a while he begins to reason the matter; reflects on the doctrine of probabilities, and how much powder and lead are necessarily wasted before any man is killed or wounded. Why should he be, he thinks, so much more unlucky than many other people? So reasoning, he soon can hear the whizzing of bullets with a tolerable degree of courage, although he involuntarily dodges or tries to dodge the canon balls and shells that go howling about his head. The more he is exposed to fire, the better he can bear it; and the timid one of today becomes the hero of tomorrow. So the mental process goes on, until the nerves by degrees become subjected to the will, and he only fears who has not the will to be brave.

Si Hooper Makes a Call.

'Twas the usual crowd in its usual place,
The place was the country store;
The men pulled 'way on their old clay pipes,
The dogs lay asleep on the floor.

No one had spoken for nearly an hour;
Every one seemed to be thinking,
When old Si Hooper came in at the door
And yelled as though he'd been drinking.

"Hooray! Hooray! Hooray for the boys!"
Hooray for old P. C.

I tell you fellers you missed a sight
By not bein' 'long with me.

"You see my boy hez taken up lately
With a chap (so I thought) named Jim,
And tonight he insisted I should don my togs
And go pay a visit to him.

Well, I wanted to please the boy you know
And though I'd dug 'taters all day
I hitched old Sall to the two-wheeled cart
And drove into town, but say!

Maybe you think that I wasn't mad
When Joe pointed off to the right,
'N sez, 'over there dad, there's the gym
Where the fellows play ball tonight.'

You see I'd been thinking this gym was a boy
'N 'twas nothing but a great big hall
Where a lot o' college guyrampuses
Get out and play basket ball.

"By heck," said Joshua Higgins' son.
'I'll be durned," said Cephas Taylor.
'Shiver my timbers," said old Cap. Brown,
(Cap. Brown had once been a sailor.)

The clerk placed a comfortable chair by the stove.
Si ordered some ginger ale.
The sleeping dogs on the floor woke up,
And Si went on with his tale.

"Now I used to be quite a sport myself
Afore I was taken lame,
So I soon got over my little mad spell
And went on in to the game.

We didn't have no time to spare
For we'd just got set in the gym,
When some youngsters came out in bathing suits
I s'posed they's goin to swim.

But they didn't do any thing o' the sort
For up on the wall there hung
A couple o' things like crawfish nets

THE CRESCENT

We fished with when we was young.
 And into these nets they'd throw a ball
 Somewhat bigger'n your head;
 Then they'd take a run up and down the floor
 To get warmed up Joe said.
 I told Joe I'd warm them up
 If they'y only come out to the farm.
 And I thought, if they'd wear a few more clo'z
 It wouldn't do no harm.
 Joe was about to make reply,
 When the people began to shout,
 And another team came out on the floor
 And tossed the ball about.
 These fellows had on some yellow suits
 The others had red by the way.
 Joe said they belonged to the Multnomah Club,
 And had just come up today.
 Just then a chap with a whistle stepped out
 And the boys scattered here and there.
 "This is a practice game" he said
 As he tossed the ball in the air.
 Well the ball had no sooner left his hand
 When jiminy, what a tussle,
 They all made a dive for the ball, by jinks,
 And you ought to see them hustle.
 They'd pull and fight for the ball awhile
 Then back and forth it 'ud go
 Till it finally banged up against the wall
 Just opposite me and Joe.
 Then the fellow with the whistle he gave a toot
 "It's Newberg out," he said.
 I asked Joe if we had to go
 But he laughed and shook his head.
 Then I noticed some painted lines, and when
 The ball went out past these
 Some fellow was 'lowed to throw it in

THE CRESCENT

Just anywhere he please.
 Well, the ball had just got started again
 When the whistle blew once more
 An' I tell yo I was mighty disgusted
 With what took place on the floor.
 Those crazy galoots on the Newberg team
 Just lined up long in a row
 An' gave one of those fellows in a bathin' suit
 The easiest kind of a throw."
 "O pshaw," said Joshua Higgins' son,
 "Do tell," said Cephas Taylor,
 "Fool land lubbers," said old Cap. Brown,
 (Cap. Brown, you know, was the sailor.)
 The clerk put a chunk of wood in the stove,
 And took a look at the barn;
 The dogs on the floor turned over and slept
 And Si went on with his yarn.
 "Well, this game was finally finished at last;
 Joe said that we had won,
 Then after some more chaps worked off the chill
 Another game was begun.
 The Newberg boys had blue and white suits
 With a gold P. C. on their breast
 The Multnomah suits were striped red and white,
 Course I thought ours were best.
 Those other boys were mighty spry
 But gosh, they wasn't in it
 These fellows played like a house afire
 And never stopped a minute.
 And I soon saw things weren't going
 Just like they'd ought to be
 And once I'd surely got in a fight
 If Joe'd a let go of me.
 A whistle would blow and someone would yell
 'Fowl on you old man
 And fowl on you for nibbling the ball
 Youc'n only use one hand.'

THE CRESCENT

I asked Joe if the durned old fool
 Hadn't sense enough to know,
 That this was a game of basket ball
 Instead of a poultry show.

I tell you I 'uz certainly getting riled up.
 Any dunce that wasn't blind
 Could tell by the way the game went on
 Our team was way behind.

Finally the game was stopped awhile
 And after a little rest
 Our boys came out with looks that said,
 'We'll show you who's the best.'

Show them they did and say, by gum,
 You'd ought to hear the noise
 When some of the boys got it into their heads
 To sort o' cheer up the boys.

They whooped and they yelled and they jumped around
 And they slapped each other on the back
 Professors and doctors and editors, too,
 And I was with 'em by crack!

I forgot all about my poor lame leg,
 My corns and rheumatics too,
 For I just couldn't keep from helping the boys
 By doing all I could do.

And it certainly did seem to help the lads
 For they got in and played like mad
 And when the game was won at last
 I tell you what we were glad.

We gave a yell when time was called
 That was 'nough to wake the dead.
 I went and shook hands with the boys all 'round
 But I've no idee what I said.

If you want to ever feel young again
 Just go to the gym some night
 When they play that game of basket ball
 It certainly helps a sight."

"I'll be there," said Joshua Higgins' son,

THE CRESCENT

"Me too," cried Cephas Taylor,
 "A berth on the fow'r'd deck for me,"
 Said Brown the tough old sailor.

They drank the health of the team again
 Then noisily left the store.
 The clerk kicked the dogs out into the cold
 And closed and bolted the door.

— A. K. W., '08.

 Monmouth---P. C. Debate.

On Friday evening, March 1, our debating team met and defeated the team representing the Monmouth Normal. P. C. defended the affirmative of the question: "Resolved, that the railroads of the United States should be owned and operated by the national government."

The local team had their competitors easily out-classed in both argument and manner of presentation and were given the unanimous decision of the judges. The speakers were as follows: For P. C.—P. V. Maris, R. W. Rees and C. M. Brown. For Monmouth—Messrs. Ragsdale, Allen and Stroud. Mr. Ragsdale made the closing speech for the visitors and Brown for Pacific, the latter making an especially strong rebuttal. The judges were Prin. H. L. Bates, of Forest Grove, Atty. B. E. Haney and Prof. Thos. Newbill, of Portland.

On the same evening as this debate, Albany defeated McMinnville and will in turn debate here April 12, to decide the championship of the State League.

THE CRESCENT.

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The recent publication in the Oregon Weekly of the scholarship standing of the members of the U. of O. football team is significant. It demonstrates clearly the fact that physical and mental development may go on simultaneously. This is true, we believe, not only in this particular instance but in the majority of cases as well. The right type of an athlete is a good student because he works and the spirit which causes him to work as a student brings success as an athlete.

The excellent work our debators did in the recent talkfest with Monmouth was gratifying to all concerned, and deserving of more enthusiastic support. Should the final contest to decide the League championship

occur here in April, students and citizens should see to it that the debaters are greeted by a full house.

Many of the college students will remember listening to a very thrilling chapel account of army and prison experiences, given two years ago by Rev. James P. Price. We are glad to present in this issue a short article by Mr. Price on the psychology of fear as a phase of soldier experiences.

There is no hard and fast distinction between the college and preparatory departments. The division which does exist is not a social or secular one but rather on the basis of class standing. College activities belong to the student body in general and academy students should feel no hesitancy in participating since preparation should be gained for things other than the mere entering of the college department.

Owing to the unavoidable delay this issue is rather slow in publication. Next issue will contain a complete account of the contest work which should have been in this issue had the space not been previously taken up. Meanwhile we will rejoice in the victory.

Y. M. C. A.

The two recent visits of State Secretary I. B. Rhodes have proven very beneficial. He successfully introduced to the students and citizens the Y. M. C. A. county work which will probably be organized in Yamhill next fall.

The membership of our association has more than

doubled in the last few weeks. We are glad to extend the fellowship of our association to the new members and hope that our relation may result in mutual benefit.

The new association hymnals which were recently purchased are being much appreciated and enjoyed by all.

Locals.

P. C. wins!

What in? Everything.

"Does anyone know anybody living near Holton?"

Mr. Rhodes, general secretary of the Y. M. C. A., has given two interesting chapel talks this term.

Nellie-a-Senior, vows she knows one thing.

February 14, Rev. Chas. Replogle, who had been holding revival meetings at the Friends church, led chapel.

Russell Lewis in German class—When I was a child I put away childish things.

Mrs. H. T. Wilson and daughter Miss Hazel, mother and sister of Arthur Wilson, were down from Portland to attend the Multnomah-P. C. basket ball game. His father later attended the game with Dallas.

Sara Knight accompanied her father and mother to Salem for a short visit before the latter's departure for the East.

Eula Hodson at yell practice—You boys don't support us girls at all.

Some of the students are wondering what the faculty are doing with the money collected for fixing the doors and walks.

On the morning of February 22, a patriotic program was rendered by the faculty. After the letter from Mr. Bailey, donator of the new flag, was read by Mrs. Douglas, the presidents of the various classes accompanied Prof. Hadley out on the campus where the flag was raised.

Prof. Carrick always has something especially enjoyable for his mornings at chapel. His last morning he sang very beautifully "The Earl King," from two composers.

Eula says she wishes she could sit on both sides of Riley.

Glen St. Johns returned March 5, to resume his studies.

Harold V. was heard to say that he intended to put his Greek books in the river to see if he could get some of the dryness out of them.

Rev. Herbert T. Cash gave some very practical advice in his chapel talk on March 6.

The sad news has been received of the death of Mamie Lowe of Portland, a former student of P. C.

Perry Macy went to Portland February 19, to hear Newell D. Hillis lecture.

The boys who come to school on the train will perhaps learn that it isn't best to eat everything eatable that is left on the train.

We are wondering if Prof. Jones has discovered any other kind of a circle except a "round circle."

A number of visitors were present at chapel on March 5, to hear the oration delivered by Katherine Romig which won victory for us at McMinnville.

Beulah Spaulding at Mc, standing at the door of the

banquet hall wringing her hands—"Have you seen Chester? He went to look for another girl and I don't know where he is."

Mrs. Douglas asked Clem to read and translate a Greek sentence which several others had translated. He said, "I can't read it good either—about like the rest have."

Arthur Wilson umpired the P. U.-McMinnville basket ball game February 28.

Basket Ball.

Since the last issue of the Crescent the first team has played four games and broke even, having lost to Dallas twice and winning from Multnomah and Vancouver.

The game at Dallas February 8th, was a sorry exhibition of basket ball, but with Macy and Hodson out of the game we considered ourselves fortunate in securing six points over the leaders. The return game played in Newberg March 2, wasn't the most satisfactory game played on the home floor for a number of reasons, chief among them being the fact that Dallas lost no opportunity whatever to hold and not only held but did it with impunity. It would have taken an official for each man to call all the fouls, for they certainly had it down to such a fine point that one official was unequal to the emergency. The home team played a snappy game and had they been able (or allowed) to shoot baskets in their usual form, would have made things decidedly more interesting. The final score was 24-10 in favor of Dallas.

February 15th, Multnomah brought two teams to

town expecting to carry off a double victory and returned home the next morning sadder and wiser men.

The first contest between the second teams was anybody's game up to the very last and stood a tie at the end of the second half. A foul and a field goal however soon put an end to things and the final score stood 23-20 in our favor.

The game between the first teams was naturally the most interesting of the two and the result was certainly a surprise to the people of Newberg. In the first half Multnomah had things pretty much their own way and had the big end of the score at the close. In the second half however, the wind blew from another quarter. Encouragement in the form of enthusiastic cheering and promises of an oyster supper began to tell and the score of 10-4 was quickly changed to 10-10 and finally wound up at 18-11 in favor of P. C.

At Vancouver the boys surely outdid themselves. True it took them a long time to get started, but when they did they never stopped till the whistle blew at the end of the second half and they discovered they had won the game by a more than double score, 30-13.

Track.

The track season is near at hand and if Pacific is to put out a team, it will soon be time to begin work. Although weak in the sprints we are strong in the jumps and distances and with a wealth of raw material at hand, should turn out a strong team. Manager Brown has already secured a meet with McMinnville May 1st and is trying to arrange dates with Willamette and Portland Y. M. C. A.

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